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Title: A debt of Servitude

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In many ways the  
existence that defines  
that which most  
mortals spend their  
short time of  
sencescence is  
something of a greater  
parody on the values  
most people claim to  
possess.

All claim to some sort  
of greater good or  
purpose that somehow  
defines the existence  
they live in. Every  
man and woman will  
affirm with great  
certainty the value of  
their own existence.

What makes life such  
a beautiful parody of  
it all is the simple fact  
that while most  
believe it, their lives  
fall incredibly short  
of proving the  
rightness of that  
thought. In the end,  
they spend their  
existence fighting to  
survive and fail  
miserably...

inevitably. One  
wonders how it is we  
call this sentient this  
mass of sheep so keen  
to defend the  
existence they live in,  
but so unwilling to test  
the rules that bind  
them there.